

WILLIAM JASPER BOREN SR. AND LUCINA MECHAM



William Jasper Boren Sr., son of Coleman Boren and Malinda Keller, was born at Peoria, Illinois, on December 30, 1837, and died May 16, 1900, at Wallsburg. He came to Utah in 1851 with his parents as pioneers, settling in Provo. His father was a wealthy

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man. They had plenty to start across the plains and helped many who were in need.

He married Lucina Mecham on July 3, 1859, at Provo, Utah. Later they were married by Jonathan Duke in the temple. She was the daughter of Moses Mecham and Elvira Derby, pioneers of 1850 with the ox-team company. She was born March 11, 1841, at Lee County, Iowa, and died June 12, 1925, at Provo. Both are buried at Wallsburg.

William was a Seventy and counselor to Presiding Elder William M. Wall of Wallsburg Ward. He was road supervisor and watermaster for 13 years. He served without pay and was a farmer and shingle-maker. He freighted between Fort Laramie and Salt Lake; was also school board member, without pay. He was a veteran of the Blackhawk War.

In early life he was a cabinet maker and shoe cobbler. He was first counselor to William Wall and later worked in the Sunday School and MIA. Jasper bought the first surrey in Wallsburg and built many houses in Wallsburg.

Lucina remembers sitting on the Prophet Joseph Smith's lap many times when she was a child and saw the Prophet and his brother Hyrum after they were killed. She recalls how the dogs howled that night. She also made the long journey across the plains in the spring of 1853. They left the Missouri River with two wagons, one yoke of oxen, two unbroken yoke of steers and four cows. Her father had bought stolen oxen and the owner came and took them away, so they only had one wagon and the cows to come with. The Indians were on the warpath, but they were only stopped once by the Indians. The saints gave them food, although it lessened their supply but the Indians left. Buffalo were plentiful and at times the travelers would have to stop and let the herds pass. Three days from Salt Lake, her cousin, Daniel Mecham, met them with a load of food, for they were out of food.

She went to school whenever she could, for she wanted all the education she could get. Schooling wasn't so readily available then as now. They lived in Lehi and Provo.

Lucina learned to spin and weave and used Indigo for blue, cottonwood bark and mahogany bark to dye the yarn for a dress she wove and made for herself. She wove on shares also.

In the spring of 1864 they moved to

WALLSBURG BIOGRAPHIES

Wallsburg, and endured many hardships. Lucina didn't like to see the children without an education, so she had them come to her home so she could teach them. She was the first school teacher in Wallsburg.

She made butter and put in salt brine. This Sister Brown took to Salt Lake and sold for her. Lucina would also make butter and haul to Provo to sell. She sold 200 pounds to a Midway man for \$70.

They had a terrible diphtheria epidemic, during which 23 children died in Wallsburg.

When Jasper became very ill with diabetes, Lucina tried ways to make a living for her family and finally decided to start a mercantile business, and did quite well selling produce to John Greer, later to E. H. Boley of American Fork, who was very helpful to her even though there was a glut on the market for these items. She bought groceries for what she sold, from Boley and sold in Wallsburg. Later she added dishes and granite ware, then shoes and Chipman got her to sell ladies and children's wear. She did well in her business.

In later years she studied music and was ward organist for six years, after she was 50 years old. She was midwife after her Aunt Polly Mecham died and delivered 503 babies besides all other nursing she did.

After her children were reared she felt free to spend time to do temple work, which she did until she was no longer able to. Her son Wilford completed a three-year mission to Germany and another son went on one. Lucina was president of the Primary.

William Jasper Sr. died May 16, 1900, at Wallsburg. She died June 21, 1925, at Provo. Both are buried at Wallsburg.

Their children: William Jasper, Jr., Samuel Leroy, Lucina Izora, Malinda Elvira, Moses Marques, Lorain Jane, Clinton C., Annie Marie, Alma L., Ida Viola, Sarah Minerva, Wilford Wells, and Polly May.

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In the spring of 1864, my husband went to Round Valley, now Wallsburg, to make us a home. We had three small children, and I was afraid to go on account of the Indians. On the 23rd of July he came back to Provo and spent the 24th, and on the 25th we went to Wallsburg, by way of ox team. Imagine how I felt with an unfurnished log cabin to live in without windows or door. There were only four families there. It was decided there was room for only fourteen families, as there was not much water. When I first went to Wallsburg I met Emma Brown. She proved to be a lifelong friend. She moved to Charleston and later became Stake President of the Relief Society. After the crops were taken care of, Jasper put two doors in our house and a window. On the 20th of September 1864, another little girl came to our house, Melinda Elvira. Then my husband built a fireplace.

My husband went to Provo to get supplies for the winter; as George Brown, my Father, and Jasper started for home they did not get far until it started to snow. They could not turn back to Provo, they had to go on as their families were in Wallsburg; the winter was on them and they never knew when the Indians would strike. They made camp for the night. Jasper was the only one that had a lunch as they should have been home late that night. William Hall and Ephraim Hanks caught up with them and made camp, and the five of them ate Jasper's lunch. Next morning they had nothing to eat and the snow was deep. The oxen could not get through, so the men took turns making a trail and the oxen would follow, but it was slow going. The third day, they saw a porcupine in a tree on a hillside some distance away. Jasper went and killed it with a club, they made a fire and roasted it and all said it was the best meat they had ever eaten, but the poor oxen had nothing but what they could browse. They were getting tired, but there was no stopping—they must go on. One of my father's oxen fell off the road into the river and was drowned. The snow was four feet deep in Wallsburg and

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All that we had when we were married was a team, a frying pan, and a quart oyster can. My Father was looking after the toll gate in Provo Canyon. I looked after the garden; my husband harvested his mother's wheat. I got the top of a quilt, some needles and thread and pins. My husband then hauled timber from the canyon to the furniture store; the store also owned the sawmill. He earned as much as fifteen dollars a day; sometimes he would let his team rest and work with my Uncle who had a turning lathe. They made a table, chairs, bedstead, rolling pin and potato masher. We had the bedstead painted; it was the nicest one in Provo. We went to Salt Lake and bought material for a bed tick, quilts, sheets and pillows. I picked milkweed pods to fill the ticks and pillows which we used for our bed for two years, then my husband killed enough ducks, geese and chickens for me to make a good feather bed. While in Salt Lake we bought twelve plates, six teacups and saucers; we could only find six glasses or tumblers; a six quart bucket was the only bucket we could get. When we got home someone said we should turn the bucket out to grass and let it grow full size. We bought a small one-room house and a lot. There was a fireplace in one end and shelves on one side. Jasper made me a rocking chair and six common chairs. We had them painted and I was so proud of them. Mr. King came and got Jasper to sign a note with him. Mr. King would not pay, so Jasper had to let the chairs go to pay for the note. Mother Boren bought the chairs.

TO PROVO CANYON

In April 1860, our first child was born, William Jasper. My husband made me a cupboard, and we had a nice home. Our second son, Samuel, was born May 8, 1861. When he was three weeks old we sold our place in Provo and moved to Provo Canyon. My sister, Emily Haws, had a small son, Billy. He cut off his finger and we put it back in place with splints and bound it. We took the splints off the tenth day, and it seemed to be all right, but the same day he ran and fell, breaking the same finger all over again. We put it back again with splints and kept praying that it would grow together again. It did, but it was always stiff. We moved back to Provo and lived in Father's house as he and Mother were living in Provo Canyon. My youngest brother, John D. Mecham, was out looking after Father's sheep. He had a bow and arrows, and one day while running after one of his arrows, his faithful dog ran after him, took hold of my brother's leg and tore the flesh. My Father, Mother and two younger sisters and John D. came to our place. Jasper went to look after the sheep until John D. could go out again. On the ninth day I felt like something dreadful was going to happen. At bedtime they all went to bed; but I stayed up. Father tried to get me to go to bed, but I told him I could not sleep. About midnight my brother raised up in bed and howled like a dog. My Father said, "He is mad,"

